#### BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN

Too Much Flesh Stands in the Way of Their Future Study and Good Spirits.

How This Undesirable Accumulation May Be Prevented-Give the Little Ones Plenty of Good Bread, Meat and Warm Drinks.

Written for the Sunday Journal. We see two sorts of maints that appear to perpetuate the race-heavy little lumps and blue-white, thin morsels. Neither of these promise well for the future of humanity. No more do the large waisted,

fleshy young women of eighteen, or the nervous, pert, pallid boys and girls who go about with eye-glass strings daugling at their buttonholes. The more physical improvement is talked about, the wider mistakes are made from the propensities of mammas and teachers to take a part for the whole and pin their faith on some fad in bringing up their boys and girls instead of pause in the middle of the meal, and annarrowly watching the whole round of physical care. The dumpy girl, weighing from 140 to 160

in her teens, is a trial to her mother's eyes and a jest to the other young folks. Her flesh does not promise well for her future, and it is in the way of her study and spirits. The fault is not her own, but that of the person who provided her daily food from her toddlehood. She had the child's likings for slops of every kind -oat-meal and milk, mealy potatoes, mashed and swimming in milk or gravy; puddings, floated with cream sauce -food which makes little use of teeth and goes to lymphatic, flabby fat. Occasionally a puny boy, with the appetite of the national beast known as the landpike racer, awakens a fond mother's anxiety by demanding his food in the same form as the national product prefers his-a liquid mixture, which he takes down in enormous quantities with the least trouble and the

The pie-and-pickle product of humanity is not yet extinct, and you can trace it through life by a peculiar unbaked tenacity of taste and ideas. The lard-pie and doughnut flavor is so thoroughly inwrought that you can trace it in street cars and convengeneral clogged and lardaceous condition of brain and body. The pie-crust complexion of the Eastern States is more marked and less attractive than the soda, bilious sallowness of the Mississippi lowlands.

The best fighting troops in the late war, with the clearest heads and most reserve of strength, came from the part of the country which affords the best bread—the Northwest. They did not talk so much about their work as most other regiments. They went in and finished the fighting. That was before the days of corrugated flour, however. It is doubtful if the same States could make as good a showing at the next call, after a generation fed on baked paste in lieu of sound bread. THEY WANT GOOD BREAD.

What the children of to-day want is a new sort of breadstuff principally. The childish partiality for crisp, crumbly crackers ought to inform us of the nutrition nuture takes most kindly. A cracker of the entire wheat kernel, ground into a meal which divides the scaly envelope as fine as the starchy flour within, mixed with milk, water, salt and a little shortening of any fat but lard, baked crisp and nicely browned, is the food for sound health, brilliant, lucid skins and strong, slender bones. Your large, knotty joints may be as brittle, limy or earious as you please instead of finely wrought gelatine, silex and lime, with a strength like wrought steel and elasticity that gives the child its winged step, token of highest physical well being. Such crackers have none of the tough hardness which makes painful work for tender gums and mouths, but are dry enough for small, sharp teeth to grind temptingly, and a child will graze on such fare with a gusto and leisure with which its food should always be taken.

Never hurry a child about its eating. Let it leave off and frolic, take a turn round the room and come back again with-out the perpetual "make haste now," "at-tend to your business," heard at children's tables. The warning given to invalids to take their slight food slowly, with rests between every few spoonfuls, is good for all

with weak digestions.

This crisp, thin bread is the primitive and natural form of bread in all nations, from the Indian tortills of beaten sweet corn, thin as a water; to the Swedish knackbroad—large, thin disks of rye meal. stamped like watties and baked hard, which is one of the fancy breads of Boston. It should always be toasted brown and eaten

hot, when it is excellent with coffee. The Scotch oatcake, the clap bread of English farm-houses, the Indian and Turkish, Russian and German provincial bakery is after this sort and it is the wholesomest and pleasantest bread in the world. But it demands more baking than it ever gets. The brown crust or cracker undergoes a change which renders it less capable of acidifying, and it shares with charcoal the property of neutralizing morbid contents of the stomach.

Children will be saved half their small miseries if from babyhood their bread and crackers are toasted brown and crisp through before eating. Persons of uncertain digestion should eat no bread that is not toasted brown and dry. A host of un pleasant symptoms will give notice by their absence of the soundness of this advice from the best physicians. Obese people should eat toast brown throughout

to keep down flesh.

All our food needs very much more cooking than it gets, especially cereals and vegetables, which should boil with slow heat fully an hour to develop their best flavor and tenderness. Cereals are much richer in flavor for being cooked and fried with a very little butter or the cotton-oil fats till crusted brown on both sides. Fried with a quick fire, which produces a dry crust not soaked with the fat, is perfeetly well borne by invalids, besides being very toothsome. Children who reject. justly enough, the pasty out-meal or wheaten mush will eat it fried with relish. With this give them some toothsome baked or stewed fruit, with plenty of sugar and a little butter and spice, if liked.

COOKED FRUITS SAFE. Apples or pears, baked all night into jellied ricuness; apple sauce, ready to thicken with its own sugary gum; apples cooked clear in a syrup thick as honey, plums in violet syrup-most healthful of fruits-and pale peach preserve, all these are recommended for sensitive digestions, contrary to the received tenet that rich sweets are unsafe. Those who cannot eat ripe fruit or plain stewed fruit without distress find the digestion, because, first, the fruit has been thoroughly cooked, the sugar, antiseptic in itself when pure, has been boiled and clarified from every germ of ferment, and the blending of highly purified sugar and fruit-juice is most grateful to the system.

The concentrated forms of sugar are well taken in advanced disease, rock-candy and clarified syrups proving the finest nu-trition in consumption and nervous disorders. Make your own syrups, or at least reboil them at home, and you may allow your children their natural sweets without fear. Perfectly pure sweets seem to afford much the same potriment as meat in a dif-ferent shape, and the avidity with which herbivora and carnivora alike-horses, dogs, cats and sheep-will cat sugar is enough to disprove the theory of its unhealthfulness.

A disordered digesion may not be able to take sugar any more than a hundred other natural things which are none the less healthful. Children are better allowed a moderate quantity of rich sweets at meals than frequent nibbling at sugar and candy. Children denied sufficient meat will crave rich sweets immoderately, and must have

them or their nerves will suffer. Give them more meat in shape of gravy or rich broths, and the appetite for sweet things will dissappear, or probably alternate with that for meats. Let nature alone, as long as no bad effects follow. Instinct is building up the tissues better than you know to the awkward and somewhat uninterest-how, and varied are the materials it must ing young swain who used to come and see

The advice for growing children applies -your present mother-in-law-generously to meats. These should be so perfectly free from gristles and fibre as to melt in the mouth, and give the gastric juice as to melt the mouth, and give the gastric juice as

little work as possible. To attain this fabnlous tenderness meat may be scraped, pounded in a mortar, or very steadily and slowly baked in a closed stone pot, until gristle dissolves and the fibre gains exquisite savoriness and melting quality. The meat taken out and chopped and restored to its own gravy is almost perfect nutrition. With this children should have

breath and other worrying symptoms.

WARM DRINK ADVISED.

plenty of warm drink, as well as food.

This does not contradict the prohibition of

ground by the teeth, not washed down.

But at intervals of the repast it is grate-

ful to take generous draughts of hot

drink. Tempt children to take as much as

three cups of drink at each meal. One

naturally wants to begin with a hearty

draught, another may well be taken at the

other, if liked, at the close. Do not force

these things, but have such tempting va-

riety from time to time that it is taken

without thought. I am quite aware this is

contrary to the general code, but the opin-

ion is framed by wise physicians from close

American families need to eat and dripk

spareness and nervousness of our people

have been discussed without coming to the

proper conclusion that they need more to

eat. It is the exception among American

families which eat too much, and the

meager critic who is shocked at the hearty appetites of her neighbors could follow

The American mother does not want the

trouble of overseeing much cookery, and

the servent is opposed to anything that

makes her more work, the husband and boys are turned off to restaurants, much as

may be, and the restaurant policy to cut

rations as genteelly as possible. Few are the home tables where a third cup of coffee

would be handed without protest, yet a

breakfast or dinner can hardly be said to

complete without at least three cups o

There is comfort and stimulus to the

ligestion in hot drinks, and a thousand

thanks are due to him who adds a beverage

to the number. Our list of drinks will be

much enlarged in a few years as the value

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Only Proper Thing to Say,

"What do you say to a tramp after din-

Edison's Latest.

Mr. Edison-Yes, sir: I can fix up a loco-

Caller-You got the idea from hearing

motive so that it will sing airs from operas.

How It Started.

Raynor-How did the story get started

that De Merphie was about to go back to

Shyne-He is paying attention to a grass

Excusable.

Young Mother-Horrors! Here's an ac-

Young Father (wearily)-Perhaps it was

Lady-Little boy, isn't that your mother

Nothing to Fear.

"Why don't you answer her, then?"

A Sufficient Excuse.

Choir Leader-Ach! that vas terrible, Miss

Screecher! You haf lost de tune; you are

way oud!
Miss Screecher—That's all right, Profes-

A Hint.

Papa (up stairs)-Maud, is that old man

Papa-You weren't when you arrived, I

know-but time flies, Mr. Hicks, time flies.

Knew His Business.

Mr. Laman-Why do you always ques

Doctor Emde-Oh, no! But by doing so !

British Tourist (in Oklahoma)-Aw, land-

lord, 'ave you a shooting-coat you can lend

me this morning? Landlord Tanner (genially)—Like to

oblige ye, but I hain't got none. You don't

need it, nohow. If you've got'a grudge agin some feller, jest go right out the way

you air an' settle it. Doesn't make the least difference how you're dressed.

The Trials of a Pedagogue.

Several school-boys who made life a bur-

len to their teacher were talking about his

"We ought to make a little present-something that would please him and make

"Let us play hookey on his birthday.

That will please him, for he needs a rest,'

A Whimsical Woman.

Housekeeper-How long did you remain

Applicant-Sure, I left it in wan day.

There was no plazin' the leddy at all, at

"Indade she was that. The first night

she complained because I boiled the tay.

an' th' very next morning she complained

because I did not boil the coffee. Thin I

The Handsome Thing.

Foreman Western War Cry (to editor)-

While you were out Farmer Gravneck

brought in that huge watermelon over

Editor-I should say so! By George! We

must do the bandsome thing by Grayneck!

him an enterprising and prosperous citizen,

and we'll head it with that cut of W. L.

Buglas, the three-dollar shoe man, that we

were saving to use for Panhandle Hoke, the

Is Dancing Sinful?

Parson Gridly is very much opposed to

"Are you one of those giddy girls to

"No. I don't think dancing is perfectly

"Dancing is not perfectly heavenly, con-

tinued the young lady; "for you see it comes to an end too soon, but it is very

For the Mother-in-Law.

Who is this mother-in-law whom you go

to the theater and laugh at? She is the

mother of your wife. Do you remember

the days of your early courtship, when Delia was inclined to be rather indifferent

her! Don't you remember how her mother

dancing. He said recently to a young lady

whom dancing is a heavenly pastime?"

heavenly," she replied, demurely.

much like heaven as long as it lasts."

"Il write a complimentary notice, calling

suggested one of the worst boys.

am enabled to guess what their station in life is, and how much fees I can probably

tion patients so closely about what they eat? Does the information you get help

sor. I only went out to get the air.

Maud-Whom do you mean? Papa-Cholly Hicks.

you to diagnose their cases?

get out of them.

him happy."

New York Weekly.

in your last place!

"Whimsical, was she?"

there. Isn't it a whopper?

desperado.

of his congregation:

"Ab, that's right."

Cholly Hicks+I am not an old man.

count in the paper of a woman who sold

ner?" asked Walker, anxious for a walk.

"Nothing. I unchain the dog."

Good News.

widow.

teething.

Good News.

New York Weekly.

her baby for ten cents.

calling you! Little Boy—Yes'm.

"Pop's away."

New York Sun.

gone yet?

Wagner, I presume.

as well as the common infusions?

their example with benefit.

courtship, when good words were worth a thousand dollars a word. the best garden vegetables, well cooked, tomatoes, egg plant, squash, asparagus, It is a reasonable estimate that in every tender carrots and parsnips, not served theater audience there are probably at least with milk sauces, but stewed down in their three hundred men with their wives who laugh hilariously at the mother-in-law joke own juice with a little meat stock and herb seasoning. The free use of fresh herbs while their own mothers-in-law are taking finely minced in food will go far to correct care of their babies for them. humors, prevent worms, ilatulence, bad And she likes to do it, too.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

awkward tendency to tumble over himself,

was yet a good, honest fellow who was

really much better than he acted, and alto-

gether more levely than he appeared. If

be sure that your mother-in-law spoke a

good word for you in those early days of

If you want plump children or desire to The Bayou. round the figures of scrawny girls or boys. Below the bridge, a little way there is a short rule for it. Give them Float downward near the bank, beneath The trailing wild-grape vines that wreathe The water-oaks and elms, and sway sloppy food. To nourish food must be well Far out across the current; down

Beyond the drift where in deep pools Among the mosses tawny brown, The lazy river-muscles cling. Where little turtles hide, and schools Of tiny fishes flash in view. And part, and dart, and start anew In eager aimless journeying.

On, past the slender reeds that swing Their tufts of tasseled bloom, and show Where sweet-flags grow. Past willow wands that weave and fling Athwart the way a waving screen. Through which the tinkling ripples flow, And sing, and ring. With drowsy murmurs, soft and slow, And ceaseless silver cadencing;

more than they generally get and of much better quality. It is obvious that the denunciations of overeating written for the beef-and-pudding-gorged English have been applied to our own nation too far. The -But there, just where the bushes lean And cross in leafy archway, hung With rosy mallow-flowers, and strung With ivory button-balls, and green With tender freshness everywhere, Just there Turn, and steer straightway in between.

> Ah surely, none would ever guess That through that tangled wilderness, Through those far forest depths remote. Lay any smallest path, much less A way wherin to guide a boat! But whose knows the stream, and shares The rare deep secrets that it hides, Nor e'er confides

Save only unto him who bears True love of nature's lore And dares Her inmost pathways to explore. Unto such sympathetic e, 38 The river, ofttimes unawares,

Leads onward to some sweet surprise.

of foreign stimulants becomes known.
Why should we not drink the mate of
Paraguay as the alternative to tea, and And so, push gently through the dense Low button-balls. And plumy growths of wild-rice, whence have our cup of guarana or kola-nut coffee At cautious, watchful intervals, SHIRLEY DARE. The brooding hermit-bittern calls; Then steering slowly, in and out,

Curve close about The lofty forest trees, and wind Among the willows, intertwined And crept across By scarlet trumpet-vines, that toss In lavish richness unconfined.

Above the blooming water-moss; The trailing, tufted moss, that makes A carpet of its starry flakes, So thick that one may scarcely see The long lithe lily-stems that grow Far down below

Amid vague under-greenery. And lightly, here and there, among The russet rushes, as you go, The curling, purling ripples flow, And to and fro. With fitful motion faintly stir

With buds of pearl and gold, enshrined

The fine green film the waves have hung About the underwood, and flung In scarfs of shining gossamer Upon the grasses, lush and low; --- Then presently.

Beyond the lily-pads, may be. There breaks the softly vibrant whir Of wafting wings, and through the reeds Uprising-rising-far and free,
A sweetly fluting throstle speeds
With burst of mellow melody.

But from the forest depths profound There comes no sound; So dusk, so dense, so wholly still, The outer winds that thither stray Sweep slowly on, from tree to tree, And down long shadowed ways, until Charged with the strange solemnity
Those hushed and hidden haunts instil. All silently, into the day

They steal away. -And there, within the bayou's heart, From all save that untrodden wood, So deep Secluded in the solitude Of those tall towering trees, that keep The very atmosphere imbued With breath of primal peacefulness, There, clasped in Nature's close caress,

Slipped sheer from all unquietude. At peace upon the limpid stream. -I know no other ways that seem So sweet wherein to drift and dream. There, floating on in tranquil mood, The tire, the tumult, and the stress,

The dreary brood Of toil and fret And fevered never-ending care. All, all this wide world's weariness Seems otherwhere: Through reason of the peaceful air

My own griefs wear,
That very sense of farness steals
Into my heart, with strange appeals; All distant strife of living pleads Remote, balf-comprehended,-still With such insistent pathos, till

My dream-borne spirit wakes and heeds;

That sentient stiliness stirs in me

A keener, subtler sympathy, My inmost being throbs, expands, And understands More what the restless world may be. And like the free reed-birds that fly From those green tangles to the sky,

Yet seek the bayou, by and by, So, on a nobler, higher quest, New fledging from its body nest, My eager soul soars up and sees More of God's gracious mysteries, Wherefrom a larger love it learns. And then, with humble mien, returns, Divines, more near, the perfect rest Of Nature's breast,

> Feels more of true humanities. -Evaleen Stein. In Suspense. ["Davis is dying."-A Telegram.] I cannot be myself to-day. My mind is darkened with a dread That exiles every joy away. And blurs my eyes and bows my head:

And so, touched tenderly through these.

A friend, the noblest and the best My life has known, lies at the door Of death, in yonder distant West, And I may see his face no more. No more may gaze into his eye,

Nor feel the fond fraternal thrill Of his glad words, that made reply To mine, like echoes of my will-No more may clasp the ardent palm That magnetized my own, and drew My soul to that delicious calm In which his gentler spirit grew. When red-buds down the Wabash wake,

And light the torches of the spring-When bugling birds come back to break The chill hush over everything-When autumn loiters down the land, And strews with leaves the valleys o'er, Then I shall sigh to clasp his hand, But he will come no more-no more. He was my friend and is my friend,

If living still, or passed away; The end of time is not the end Of love-no matter what they say; And so, with patient heart, I wait, Consoled with one abiding trust, That somehow, somewhere, foon or late, We'll meet, for Nature cries we must. -James Newton Matthews. Two Troubles.

Why, child, how you cry, come tell me your sor Picked a rose-a bee was inside and it stung. Ah, well, the pain will be gone ere to-morrow, But few troubles linger long when one

I, too, have been hurt, but must not reveal it, Yes, stung to the heart, yet must ever conceal it, Your pain sees with telling, mine stays 'till I

CASTING SHADOWS BEFORE although he was rather slow and had an

Coming Events for This Week at the Theyou are an honest and manly man you may aters with Something of the Future.

Hoyt's "Chinatown" and Crane's Senator

Among the Attractions Booked.

The attractions provided for the city theaters this week are sufficiently diversified to satisfy almost all tastes, insomuch as they include minstrelsy, farce-comedy and sensational comedy. The latter has no more profitable exponent on the stage than Lincoln J. Carter's "Fast Mail." which is announced for English's to-morrow night, continuing until Thursday. The play made an unqualified hit with with lovers of the sensational here last season, and wherever it is presented the business done by it is somewhat remarkable. Its popularity is doubtless largely due to the realistic effects which are introduced in it. Prominent among them may be mentioned a complete freight train of fourteen cars moving across the stage. Then is seen also the "fast mail" train moving at the speed of fifty miles an hour, taking the mail-pouch off the scafford while en route. Another feat-ure is the steamer St. Louis at the Memphis wharf, loading and unloading freight; by a quick transformation the audience see the engine-room of the steamboat and then follows the explosion of the boiler. An in-teresting scene is the one representing Niagara Falls by moonlight, with roaring and boiling water and rising mist. For this scene, it is said, over ten thousand gallons of water is used. The company is a very large one, and includes, besides Mr. Carter, who plays a leading part himself, Frank Haven, R. J. Guptel, Charles Thornton, Frank Holiday, Louie Lord, Miss Buckingham and others. Large audiences may be expected to greet "The Fast Mail."
Mr. Carter was a former resident of Indianapolis, and has many friends here

At the Grand, next Wednesday evening, Primrose & West's Modern Minstrels will give a single performance, the assurance being given that it will be replete with nev features. This attraction is so well known to theater-goers that it seems almost superfluous to do more than mention the fact. The general sentiment has always been that the performances of this company are the best minstrel shows which are given, the motto of the management being "Originality." A pleasant surprise is being prepared for their patrons in the shape of a gorgeous stage picture, rustic seats, blooming flowers and graceful clustering vines, which will give the stage an appearance of a handsome garden. Among the musical numbers will be Frank Cushman's vocal hit, "Little Bird," a parody on "Comrades;" a tenor solo by Joe Natus, the popular ballad "What is Love?" G. W. Primrose's well known "English Swell" and others. A novel scene will be a blacksmith-shop, with music brought forth from anvils, horse-shoes and wagon wheels. A feature that cannot fail to please will be "March of the Red Hussars," under the personal direction of W. H. West, with the participants in rich uniforms, marching with wonderful rapidity and executing the movements with grace and precision. Another feature will be the Borani Brothers in amazing specialties.
The performance will conclude with
"Trouble in Blackville," in which Smith,
Waldron, Jansen and Martin will furnish the fun. Primrose & West have been playing to very large audiences at Cincinnati during the past week, and the papers there speak very highly of the perform-

What is, in many respects, the most amusing of Mr. Charles H. Hoyt's farcecomedies, "A Trip to Chinatown," will be presented in its revised form at the Grand next Thursday evening and during the rest of the week. Of the company that played it here last season only the leading members, Harry Conor, Annie Boyd and George A. Beane remain, and the songs and specialties are new. Mr. Hoyt, in speaking of the piece recently, said: "I have not rewritten 'A Trip to Chinatown,' but have done that which I could not find time to do last season—carefully revised it, putting new lines, new situations and new business in each act. The character of the prowling reporter has been cut out entirely, the third act changed somewhat and the cast strengthened by the addition of Arthur Pacie, Miss Geraldine McCann, Miss Lillian Barr, Miss Blanche Ark-wright, Miss Maggie Daly, Miss Lucy Daly and Miss Millie Price Dow. The addition of the strong specialties of the Daly sisters, Miss Arkwright and Millie Price Dow to those of last season, makes the show very strong in this respect. That I think 'A Trip to Chinatown' is one of the best entertainments that I have ever of-fered the public is evinced by the fact that 'A Trip to Chinatown,' with the same cast that presents it in Indianapolis, will be the opening attraction at our new theater in New York, beginning Nov. 22, for the bal-ance of the season." The sale of seats for the engagement here will begin at the boxoffice of the Grand on Tuesday morning, and there is likely to be a large demand.

The Park will have an attraction this week that will commend itself to the patrons of this house in Leonard Grover's melodrams, "Lost in New York," which has a well-established popularity here. The sensational effects, and the comedy element that are introduced in this piece have had much to do in accounting for its success. Chief among the former is the scene representing the river, for which an enormous tank of water is employed, upon which float crafts of various kinds, including a steam launch, making the whole very realistic. Other notable scenes are those representing the East river by moonlight, Ward's Island Insane Asylum, the Tombs, Gramercy Square, and Long Island sound. Louise Galloway is playing Jennie, the street waif this season, and is credited with having made a greater hit in it than did Esther Carrie Swain or Patrice. Other well-known people in the company are Gus Pixley, (brother of Anna Pixley), who does the tramp, John Archer, W. F. Canfield, May Lutro, and little Lillian Spencer, an infant phenomenon. "Lost in New York" will be very elaborately staged at the Park, and is likely to have a successful week's engagement.

The operatic fad at present is Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." It is a one-act piece which was first sung in Rome last year, and afterwards in nearly all the countries of Europe. Its success everywhere was undoubted, for it has a melodic charm which no other recent work has shown. When it was brought over to this country, a few months ago, all the managers were after it to give it the first production, and now all the opera companies of note are doing it, and whether or not the performance be good or indifferent, the opera is enthusiastically received just the same. The opera, founded upon a simple story. has met with a success unprecedented in musical annals. It is freely acknowledged to be a work of genius, and wherever it has been heard there has been no dissenting voice to mar the unanimous verdict of approval. It will be shortly beard in Indianapolis.

In a few weeks the theater-loving public in this city will have an opportunnity to witness the representation of one of the most successful comedies presented on the American stage during the present generation. After a run of nearly two seasons at the Star Theater, New York, and engagements in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Washington, comedian William H. Crane and his company will make their first regular tour this season in "The Senator." More has been written about this play than any previous production of an American author. Its phenomenal success is not at all surprising. It is an American Americans, and this fact of itself gives it a strong hold on the sympathy of American | Popular Prices-10, 20, 30c. audiences. But added to this is the all-im-

portant element of fine acting. Mr. Crane does not follow the selfish policy of the average star, which seeks to overshadow his company in his own importance. The organization supporting him was considered one of the best that New York city has seen, each individual scoring a distinct hit. The same company will appear with Mr. Crane here, comprising Misses Hattie Russell, Anna O'Neill. Katharine Florence. Gladys Wallis, Isabel Everett, Mrs. Augusta "Fast Mail," Primrose and West's Minstrels, Foster, Messrs, James Neitl, T. D. Frawley. Henry Bergman, Adolph Jackson, George F. DeVere, J. C. Padgett, William Herbert, Harry Braham, Cyrill Walker, J. J. Gil-

> Gossip of the Stage. The tragedian Robert Downing will play at the Grand next week. Dickson & Talbott have arranged for

two concerts by Gilmore's band here in No-Primrose & West's minstrels are now at the head of the list, all the other companies

being inferior to theirs. One of the greatest of the recent farce-comedy successes is "A Knotty Affair," in which John C. Rice is the star.

Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," receives one-third of the profit

from his work, and his publisher has two-Mr. Frank Percy Weadon, of this city, who is now successfully piloting "The County Fair" throughout the country, is

in the city. Mr. E. M. Dasher, of this city, has acquired an interest in Hoyt's "A Hole in the

Ground," and is now manager of it in con-junction with Frank McKee. J. K. Emmet's will was filed for probate on Monday. All the dead actor's money goes to his son, J. K. Emmet, jr., and his wife. Over \$600,000 is the sum. Charles H. Hoyt has rewritten his "Trip

to Chinatown" since its last production here, and it is now considered the most interesting of his farce-comedies. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence will star together next season. It is understood that Mr. Florence has already completed negotiations with a well-known manager to take charge of the tour.

Edwin Booth arrived in New York from Boston last Sunday evening, and since then has been staying at the Players' Club. His health appears to be very good, his friends say, and his face has a ruddy color. W. H. Crane's success in the "The

Senator" continues to be the talk of the-atrical people. He is doing an immense business wherever he plays. He will be seen in Indianapolis within a month. Gilbert & Cellier's new opera is entitled "The Clock-work Man." It will be produced at the London Lyric, with Geraldine Ulmer, Lionel Brough. Eric Lewis, J. Robertson and Harry Monkhouse in the cast. Lincoln J. Carter says that his two "Fast Mail" companies made him a profit of \$2,000 last week. Several years ago, when Mr. Carter was about Indianapolis, he would have been glad of a profit of \$2 a

The manager of the "Lost in New York" company, which plays at the Park this week, claims that this piece has made the reputation of every soubrette who has played in it, notably Carrie Swain and

"Jane," the English comedy, which has proven to be such a success at the Madisonsquare Theater, New York, has been booked for Indianapolis Thanksgiving week, when it will be presented by Charles Frohman's players.

The new opera company, just organized by W. W. Tillotson, to give Strauss's "Night in Venice," opens at the Park Theater, Philadelphia, Oct. 19. The force consists of Helen Lamont, soprano; Helen Barry, mezzo; Agnes Stone, contralto; Tom Perse, tenor; Stuart Harold, baritone, and Joseph Greensfelder, basso.

The most emphatic comedy success of re-centyears, "The Senator," with W. H. Crane in the title role, will be seen for the first time here early in November. Wherever this play has been presented it has pleased large audiences, and Mr. Crane's work in it is commended as the most artistic of his long professional career. The Alvin, the new theater in Pittsburg, has a lobby tiled with onyx and a gallery containing six hundred pictures. The

newel posts at the stairways are sur-mounted with bouquets of electric flowers. A reception parlor is completely covered with decoration, furnished with satin, plush, gold and beveled plate, tiled with onyx and hung with remarque etchings. "Abbey's company this year," says Patti "involves enormous expenses and he must do a tremendous business to make it up.
My only fear is that I shall be asked to sing
oftener and work harder than I wish to. Last year I had to sing oftener than I wanted to in order to make up the losses on the Sarasate concerts and to bring Abbey

through the season without losses." Too bad about that at \$4,000 a night. One of the most notable musical events of the season will be the coming engagement of the Juch Opera Company, which is announced for the latter part of next week. This is the foremost company presenting grand opera in this country. The repertoire here will include "Tannhauser," "Il Trovatore," and the new opera by Mascagni, which is creating such a sensation

everywhere, "Cavalleria Rusticana." After Bernhardt's departure from Sydney, Australia, there was a great rush to the hotel for "relics" of the divine Sarah. Among the mementos discovered were various stray reptiles, creatures after the actress's own heart. There were also found numerous tracts sent by zealous clergymen and appeals for a little of the profits in aid of various charitable objects. One pamphlet was entitled "How an Actress Was Saved." and another was the "Story of Jezebel."

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